

## ON IDIOSYNCRASIES.

Bill Nye Notes Some Little Oddities of Americans.

## CONFESSION OF AN UNDERTAKER

Pennyless in New York City—An Alleged Illinois Justice of the Peace and His Marriage License.

[For THE SUNDAY HERALD. By special arrangement with the Author.]

O. R. ROO.

A lawyer in the parlor car of a west bound train yesterday showed me a copy of a curious document illustrating the crude methods of early times in the west, and also the light and velvet touch with which social laws were administered when the country was new. It is a copy of a kind of marriage license, its pendents, I would say, filed in 1825 in the court house at Peoria, Ill., and reads as follows:

"To all the World, Greeting:

"Know ye that John Smith and Penny Myers is hereby entitled to go together as married folks does, anywhere in Copers precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry them for good, and date them back to this time.

"E. M. B.,  
"Justice of Peace."

HE SAW THAT I WAS RICHLY CLOTHED.

This is a bona fide document, and shows not only a wonderful command of language and an artistic method of word painting, but illustrates also the fact that a justice of the peace often possesses a kind and gentle heart.

I once knew a justice of the peace in Chicago who was so tender hearted that he had to nerve himself up by calling to his aid the demon rum. He had an office over a saloon, and a dumb waiter with a speaking tube to it. Before he could assume the courage necessary to pass judgment, or even tax the costs, he had to tip the dumb waiter two or three times in rapid succession. He died at last, a victim to his tender heart, and his last words were: "Why do you permit those large bell-shaped caterpillars, with green stomachs and cold, wet feet, to roost in my side whiskers?" He was a man of deep research and a pleasing manner, and during his last illness only bit his wife once when his overworked thinking works had slipped a cog. While in his right mind, he was uniformly kind to his family, and would not bite even the meanest insect.

We were speaking after this of the increasing death rate and incidentally of the terrible boom in the undertaking business, when a quiet old gentleman across the aisle said he was surprised to notice that in some of the cities it was reported that the undertakers could not keep up with the work or fill the orders made on them.

"There is no business in it," he said, "that ought to be ready for an emergency, any easier than the undertaking business. I used to be an undertaker myself, but reformed two years ago and retired. I am able to live without it now, and I am willing to state that the death rate must increase a good deal faster than it has before undertaking need be hurried or crowded very much.

"In the first place, it would surprise you to know how cheaply they can make a coffin. I've known bereaved relatives to pay for a handsome coffin, and then they would find it lined with cheap pine with knot holes in it, lined mostly with faded confectioner's paper and covered with cheap black cloth. I had stock in a coffin factory for three years, and we could make one of these receptacles about as cheaply as you could a peach basket. A coffin that is covered, as the undertakers say, is a pretty cheap affair before it gets its dress suit on. We used lumber that couldn't be used anywhere else, the knots were so large, and liable to drop out. We, of course, knew the sizes of our customers, and so aimed to do up the coffin so that if there was a large knot hole we would work it in on a large person, so that it couldn't sift through on his way to the grave.

"There is a very good profit in this business indeed, and the deeper the grief of the family the more money they pay for it. On the price without being discovered. Cremation was all that we were ever afraid of. That would have knocked us all to pieces, and some day it will. The present methods are too tempting to the shrewd American undertaker.

"We got \$85 for a little white casket, once. It was made of tin. I hated myself for charging that price for what we cleared \$50 on it, and I couldn't eat my meals all day. I took it up to the house, wishing I could see the man who passed through the door, and I was just in time to see the burglar who climbed over a cornice or two in order to get a few dollars. There was white crumpe on the door, and all was hushed about the house. People who passed walked on their toes, and held their own children a little tighter by the hand until they got by, for fear that Death himself might get by lurking behind a tree box in the neighborhood.

"Well, I went back after I'd delivered the casket, and next day I found that it was for a little girl that had never been baptized even in death.

"His mistress told me that he was a very talented boy, and knew as much as she did herself. Her loving heart was still sore, and so I did not contradict her."

I had an odd experience when last in New York; and I will tell it, because it may interest others who have passed through a similar one. I had been up to Harlem for the evening, addressing a large and spell-bound audience of people, most of whom hung on my lips for quite a while. I had gone up town with friends who paid my elevated fare and bade me good night at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. I was in full evening dress, and the flush of social success was on my brow. While waiting for a South Ferry train, I took a morning paper from my pocket and read that my income was estimated at \$1,000 per week. I was just figuring out what this would amount to in case I lived to be ninety-five years old, when it occurred to me that the train would soon be along. So I went to the window with my large valise containing my working clothes, and asked for a ticket.

Reluctantly the salesman tore one off and shoved it out at me. The train came just then, and I got nervous, for I could not find any change. The train went away, and still I did not discover any change any-

where. The ticket man told me to go away and give those who had money a show. I went away.

You know how earnestly you feel in your pockets under those circumstances. Finally it was clear that I had no money in those clothes.

I thought I would take my bag down stairs, where I would be less disturbed, and open it. Very likely I would find some money in my working clothes. I got in the shadow of an iron post and opened the bag. Slowly and carefully, yet earnestly, I went through the garments as people came along and looked over my shoulder to see what kind of clothing I had. I did not find any money, but I came near being arrested twice while I was ascertaining the fact.

I put back most of the clothes in a hurried manner, and, clutching widely at my hair, wondered what to do next. I could not cling for a messenger, or if I did I could not pay him when he came. Just then a little boy with purple lips and watery, hungry eyes came along and begged me to buy an evening paper from him. He saw that I was richly clothed, and no doubt he had read of my princely income also. I felt that he had. He put his cold nose against my hand and said he would sell me two good papers for a cent.

But I could not give assent.

Then he offered to carry my bag for me. I said no. I thought it was doing me much good to carry my luggage that way. It was bringing back the flush of health to my cheeks. He cried, and said he hadn't had anything to eat all day. I believed it. He looked like it. I felt in my vest pocket, and found a troche. I gave it to him. He said that he seldom ate troches. Then I told him it was all I had.

"My poor boy," said I, "you have as much money to-night as I. We will walk the streets together. I am a victim to the dress suit. Also the other suit. I look haughty, but I am not. I cannot even call a messenger. No matter how small his hand might be, I could not call him. We will sleep in a coal box, you and I. You can take the front side or I will, just as you choose."

"What's your business, boss?" murmured the lad.

"I lectured this evening here at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street."

"Well, why don't you tackle some of the audience?"

"You forget, my son," I said, "that this is after the lecture. It would not do now! Better so. Better so."

"I lectured this evening here at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street."

"Well, why don't you tackle some of the audience?"

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"DID YOU RING, MA'AM?"

It was while we stood thus together, looking in at a restaurant, shivering together and feeling that republics are extremely ungrateful, that I caught sight of a well-remembered figure. It was our agent and treasurer. I halted him. He paused. "Why, I thought you had gone home an hour ago," he said.

"Well, I had intended to, but I hadn't the means. Have you got \$500 that you will let me have and charge up to me, so that I will not have to walk home ever any more? You will see by this morning's paper that I am thoroughly responsible and fully able to identify myself." Five minutes later, Riley and Carey, of the Century, and Major Pond came along, and enjoyed themselves conversing with me about money matters.

That hour was like a nightmare, and it covered a whole lifetime. I got a taste of New York without funds. It was only sixty minutes, but my hair—all of it—turned white in that time.

Speaking of our agent, Mr. Walker, reminds me that he has to look out for the poet and me as he would if he were managing two lives of bees or pet bears or a pair of Chinese twins or Blind Tom and Mr. C. S. Lewis. He wakes us up, shakes us, puts us on the trains, gets us shaved, pays our bills, attends to our laundry and tucks us into bed at night.

The other night he left a call for 7:30 a. m. for all three of our rooms. In the morning he awoke and saw by his watch that it was 7:45. He rang his bell, and when the boy came he wanted to know what Mr. Walker rang for.

"I wanted to be called."

"Well, what do you mean by that?"

"Well, I left a call and haven't been called."

The boy couldn't understand that the call was for the three rooms, and so, looking sadly and sympathetically at Mr. Walker, he walked away.

Mr. Sam Harrison, an old hotel clerk at Wheeling, West Virginia, was bitterly attacked a while ago by a traveling man, who came down stairs with blood in his eye.

"Why did you not call me this morning?" he asked.

"I did," said the cool Samuel, trusting in Providence to get out of it somehow.

"What time did you have me called?"

Mr. Harrison thought a moment, and knowing the early train left at seven and 7, said, "I called you at 5:30 a. m."

"You did not?"

"I did."

"I know better."

"So do I know better."

"Well, I can prove that you didn't."

"How?"

"Cause I never told you to call me at all."

Sometimes the sang froid even of a hotel clerk yields to that of the week-eyed commercial man. Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

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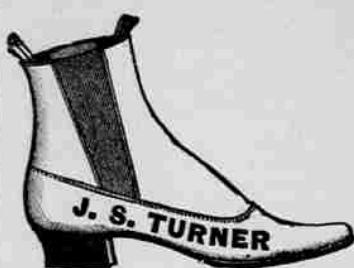
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19c per pair.	\$ .35		74c each	\$1.25	
Gents' Fine Wool Half Hose,	25c "	.45	65c "	1.00	
" " Merino Half Hose,	19c "	.35	6 Glass Goblets,	35c "	.50
Tapestry Table Covers,	23c "	.45	6 Engraved Tumblers,	49c "	.75
Tapestry Table Covers,	49c each.	.75	Dowel Water Pails,	23c "	.35
	84c "	1.25	Horse Water Pails,	30c "	.60

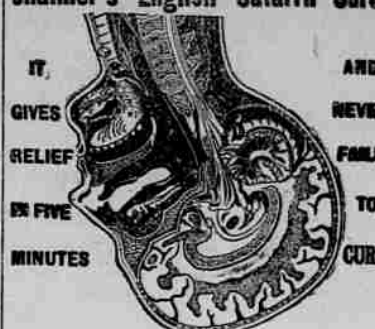
## TABLE CUTLERY.

1 Set Plain Knives and Forks,	This Week.	Last Week.	1 Set White Celluloid Handled Knives	This Week.	Last Week.
	\$ .69	\$ .90	and Forks,	\$3.75	\$7.00
1 Set Extra Knives and Forks,	.89	1.25	Oil Paintings, Heavy Gilt Frames,		
6 Rogers' Triple Plated Silver Forks,	1.99	3.00	22x36 inches,	1.79	3.00

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## NOTE!

The following is a detailed list of the first 100, and the name accompanying denotes the business houses where they are to be seen. Notice that the lowest in value of these one hundred is \$5.00. The highest \$500.00.

No.	Value	No.	Value
1 A Fischer grand upright piano, F.E. Warren Mercantile Co. 10 E. Se. and South, Salt Lake city.	\$500	56 A purse of \$10 in gold	10
2 A thoroughbred Holstein bull, Jordan stock farm.	300	57 An elegant eight-day striking alarm clock, S. P. Tensdell's.	10
3 An elegantly finished, new wagon, Co-op Wagon and Machine company.	175	58 A set Handy Shakespeare, 15 vols., Margrett Bros.	10
4 A lot in Garden city Senior & Raudagons.	120	59 A pair of calfskin sewed boots, Z. C. M. I. shoe factory.	10
5 A yearling Holstein Jersey heifer, Jordan stock farm.	125	60 A set, 8 volumes, Knight's history of England, presented as a special prize by W. H. Rowe.	10
6 A purse of one hundred dollars in gold.	100	61 An engraved photograph of Joseph Smith, the prophet, framed.	10
7 A lot in Lake city.	100	62 An enlarged photograph of President Brigham Young, framed.	10
8 A Domestic sewing machine, Young Bros. Co.	70	63 One box groceries, Thomas Bros. Ogden.	10
9 A new Piano mower, Studer & Bros., Manufacturing company.	65	64 One full silk dress pattern, The West Store, Provo, J. A. Harris, proprietor.	10
10 A purse of fifty dollars in gold.	50	65 An elegant mahoe top centre table, Gates & Snow, Provo.	10
11 A combination fence machine, Burton, Gardner & Co.	45	66 A variety of fruit and shade trees, Pleasant Grove nursery, D. M. Smith, proprietor.	10
12 A Fine saddle, N. C. Christensen & Bro.	45	67 "Around the World with General Grant," two volumes, Felt, Olsen & Co., Provo.	10
13 A breech-loading shotgun, Brown & Co.	40	68 A crayon portrait, enlarged from any photo, by J. B. Fairbanks, artist, Payson.	10
14 A Rosier fanning mill, Folsom & Scollard.	30	69 One full dress pattern, People's Emporium, Provo, S. S. Jones, proprietor.	10
15 A set of Collier's American Chambers' encyclopedia, Salt Lake City, Herald buildings, Collier & Co.	30	70 One volume Book of Mormon, modern, revised edition, by Orson Pratt.	10
16 A life size bust photo, Morris & Co. Salt Lake.	30	71 A canary bird, H. H. Henshaw, Salt Lake and Ogden.	10
17 A purse of \$25 in gold.	25	72 A claw of \$3 in gold.	10
18 A purse of \$20 in gold.	25		
19 A set of "V. T. R." family remedies, Johnson, Pratt & Co.	25		
20 An elegant toilet set, Johnson, Pratt & Co.	25		
21 A selection of fruit, shade or flowering trees, Utah Nursery company Salt Lake.	25		
22 A selection of fruit, shade or flowering trees, Utah Nursery company Salt Lake.	25		
23 A set of Dickens complete works, 15 vols., 1/2 call, H. Pemberton.	25		
24 A single buggy harness, W. Jenkins & Sons, Salt Lake.	25		
25 One fine steel engraving, gilt frame, "Consolation."	25		
26 " " Mothers Joy."	20		
27 " " The Holiday."	20		
28 " " Foxes at Play."	20		
29 A Browning Rifle and 100 cartridges, Browning Bros., Ogden.	16		
30 A set of dishes, Hook & Clawson's Salt Lake and Ogden.	15		
31 One heating stove, "Rival Universal," Cooper, Piper & Co., Nephi.	15		
32 An elegant banjo, Hook & Clawson, Salt Lake.	12		
33 A bolt of dress flannel, Cutler Bros., Salt Lake.	10		
34 Hanging lamp, Hook & Clawson, Salt Lake and Ogden.	10		
35 An easy chair, P. W. Madison, Salt Lake.	10		
36 One year's subscription to the SALT LAKE DAILY HERALD.	10		
37 " " " "	10		
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51 A purse of \$10 in gold	10		
52 A purse of \$10 in gold	10		
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54 A purse of \$10 in gold	10		
55 A purse of \$10 in gold	10		

The remaining 1,400 prizes will consist of valuable books of History. Fiction, Biography, Poetry and church Works, together with other miscellaneous articles useful and ornamental.

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